

**The Weekly Messenger.**  
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**EASTIN & BIENVENU.**

An employment which would seem perfectly delightful to small boys is tasting molasses. The molasses taster frequently has twenty or thirty samples to experiment upon, taking care to swallow as little as possible. It is said that only a man with a sweet tooth and a clear head can bear up under the strain of the occupation.

The largest brick yard in the United States is being built at Chicago, and the bricks will be as hard as granite and as heavy. This new brick yard is creating quite a sensation in architectural and building trade circles. They bear a crushing strain of 35,000,000 pounds per square inch. The works will cost \$250,000.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Viceroy of China, said recently: "Before half a century has passed China will be covered with railways as with a net. Its immense mineral resources will be developed. It will have rolling mills and furnaces in many parts of the country, and it is not impossible that it may do the manufacturing for the world."

Says the *American Standard*: "The fundamental chord which binds and preserves American liberties is the common school system. It is only by educating the masses of the people to a full understanding of the responsibilities of citizenship that we can hope for a conservation of American ideas and a continuation of American liberty."

From a native paper it is learned that some of the employees of the Japanese Naval Department are to be fed with a new and delectable delicacy—blubber. The heads of the Department have decided that whale flesh is tolerably nutritious, and therefore it is to be supplied for food from time to time at Yokosuka and Uraga barracks. The War Department also propose to adopt whale flesh as an article of diet for the soldiers.

The insurance business seems to be undergoing a transformation under the competition of the mutual system, observes the *Chicago Sun*. Last year's report of the factory mutual insurance companies, numbering nineteen, just published, shows that the amount of risks written for the year were \$491,366,988, on which premiums paid amount to \$1,162,959, and dividends declared, \$3,062,308. Losses, \$848,068, or less than five per cent.

According to a recent estimate, the number of war vessels launched last year by the naval Powers of the world was 60, while more than 100 were building when it closed. England led with 15 vessels launched and 28 building; France launched 9 and laid down 15; Russia launched 2 and began 10; Germany put 6 into the water and ordered or laid down 4; Italy launched 10 and laid down 18; Austria launched no vessel, but laid down or ordered 3; China added 4 vessels to her navy and ordered or laid down 4 more; Japan ordered 3 and launched 3; the United States launched 6 and laid down 6.

**Varieties of Lilac.**

There are about twenty varieties of lilac, all of which are pretty and flourish in any garden soil under circumstances in which other shrubs would dwindle and die. The common purple lilac is the largest of the species. The white variety is less common and not so sickly sweet. The Persian lilac is a small tree of graceful habits, and its flowers are of a lighter lilac color. The Chinese lilac has much darker flowers than the other varieties, and its leaves are dark glossy green.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

**ABOUT THE SAME THING.**

Editor—"I am sorry to say that I find your witticisms are not acceptable, Mr. Jinx."

Jinx (sarcastically)—"Too refined, perhaps?"

Editor—"No—no, refined is not exactly the word. Say too diluted, and you will come nearer the idea."—*Terra Life Express*.

**ANOTHER VICTIM.**

"Have you noticed how fearfully bad Cholly has been looking of late?"

"Yes; the paw feller is killing himself with overwork."

"Gud gwacious! You don't say. What's he doing?"

"Why, he's actually doing without a valet."—*New York Sun*.

**The Lighthouse.**

Above the rocks, above the waves  
Shines the strong light that warns and saves.  
So you, too high for a storm or strife,  
Light up the shipwreck of my life.

The lighthouse warns the wise, but these  
Not only sail the stormy seas;  
Towards the light the foolish steer  
And, drowning, read its meaning, dear.

And if the lamp by chance allure  
Some foolish ship to death, be sure  
The lamp will to itself protest:  
'His be the blame! I did my best!'  
—*E. Nesbit in Independent*.

**WON BY A DUCKING.**

BY S. A. WEISS.

The sun was setting—in fact, its blood-red rim had just disappeared below the horizon—and chilly gray shadows were gathering in the nearly leafless grove in the rear of Beech Villa.

On the mossy roof of an old tree, close to the bank of the river which murmured past, sat a young girl, watching, with a curious expression of alternate hope and disappointment, a footpath which wound away in the direction of the suburban road on which the villa was situated. Clearly she was expecting some one.

He came at last—a tall, slim young man, unexceptionably attired, and who, as he wended his way among the tall grasses, absently struck off their heads with his gold-headed cane.

The girl sprang to meet him.

"Oh, Augustus, I'm so glad you've come at last! I've waited an age; but"—with a sudden anxiety, as she noted his grave expression—"what success have you had? Did papa consent to see you, after having so cruelly forbidden me to receive your visits?"

"Yes, he saw me," the young man answered, gloomily. "He could not have avoided it, as I met him at the door just as he was leaving the house."

"And what did he say?" she asked, eagerly.

Augustus placed his arm around the slender waist of the girl—the grounds were part of her father's domain and quite secluded—and looked down into her pretty face.

"He said," speaking slowly and with a far-away, absent look—"he said that you and I were a couple of fools."

"What! How? Why?" she faltered.

"For proposing to marry on six hundred dollars a year."

"But papa has enough for us all, and I am his only child. Surely you reminded him of that?"

"No, indeed. How could I stoop to such mercenary considerations? On the contrary, I told him that I did not want his money; that I could make my fortune, as he had done, and that all I asked of him was his consent to our marriage."

"And what did he say then?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Nothing; except to request me to leave the house and never again see you."

"What a shame!"

Tears sprang to her eyes and she laid her cheek caressingly and soothingly against her lover's manly shoulders.

"Of course I went," resumed Augustus, with sad dignity; "but before doing so, informed Mr. Hogan respectfully but firmly, that though I might never again enter his house, I would on no account relinquish my claim to his daughter's hand. I told him that we loved each other, and defied any human power to keep us apart."

The girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes glowed.

"That must have touched him!" she said, gazing with proud tenderness into her lover's face. "That must have stirred his feelings, if anything could."

"It did!" responded Augustus, grimly. "In fact—I don't wish to harrow your feelings, Maude, dearest, but your father was stirred to that degree that he not only slammed the library-door in my face as I left the room, but followed me to the hall-door and—flung the door-mat after me. Indeed, I suspect that the mark is still upon my back."

"So it is," said Maude, indignantly. "Stand still, dear, and let me brush off the dust. What dreadful behavior in papa! Aunt Eliza always calls him too hasty, but I never dreamed of his carrying on like this. Perhaps"—with a little sob in her voice—"perhaps he'll come round by-and-by. He does sometimes. Aunt Eliza has most influence with him, and she—she's our friend, you know."

They were standing near the river's

bank, and Maude was still engaged in vigorously dusting, with her embroidered pocket-handkerchief, the back of her insulted lover, when a whiff of wind took the light straw hat from her head, and drifted it to the edge of the bank.

Augustus instantly hastened to the rescue, but he had not taken into consideration the steepness and slipperiness of the incline; wherefore he unexpectedly found himself plunging, with a splash, into the muddy water, six feet below.

Maude shrieked as she beheld him disappear beneath a pad of water-lilies, and the sound reached her aunt, Miss Eliza Pilkins, as she walked in the garden between the grove and the villa.

Augustus' head, adorned with algae and drooping weeds, soon reappeared above the surface of the water, and with hands and feet he commenced a desperate but futile attempt to surmount the slippery clay-bank.

Seeing this, Maude knelt down on its edge and extended both hands, which he imprudently grasped—but, alas! with a contrary effect to what was intended.

In a moment she was in the water, and with difficulty supported in the arms of her lover, whose feet, with this additional burden, stuck fast in the miry bottom.

It was in this situation, struggling waist deep in water, that they were discovered by Miss Pilkins, when, summoned by Maude's shrieks, she hurried to the spot.

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Tomlinson—Maude! How did this happen? Why don't you save yourselves?" she cried excitedly.

"We can't!" gasped Maude, frantically clinging to her lover. "I—I fell in, and Augustus tried to save me, and—we'll drown if you don't help us!"

"Give me your shawl!" promptly responded practical Miss Pilkins; "and don't get excited. You can't drown if you keep still, and I'll have you out in three minutes."

Hooking up the shawl with a crooked stick, she tied it to her own, and attaching one end to a sapling on the bank, twisted the two into a sort of rope.

By means of this the pair were enabled, after much scrambling and exertion, to reach firm ground, where they stood dripping and shivering.

"Here you are, safe!" said Miss Pilkins; "and now I should like to know what's the next thing to be done."

"W-warm ba-ath for Maude!" chattered Mr. Tomlinson, all of a tremble, while the water dripped from the ends of his drooping moustache and limp fingers. "I—I'll go h-home!"

"Go home in that fix? and catch your death of cold by the way! Come along to the house, both of you, as fast as you can! Brother has gone to a political meeting, with a supper afterward, and won't be back till midnight. You two come through the garden, while I go ahead and unlock the back door."

Once in the house, Maude, who, despite her fright, had not suffered nearly so much as her lover, hurried to her room, while Miss Pilkins directed the housemaid to show Mr. Tomlinson at once to the east chamber.

"Plea-e'm," said the sympathetic Betty, "there ain't been a fire in the east room this fall, and the bed ain't fixed nor the sheet's aired. There's a fire in master's room, and everything warm and comfortable, and I can fix it all right before master comes home."

To Mr. Hogan's own bed-room, accordingly, pallid and shivering, Tomlinson was conducted, while Sam, the stable boy, was dispatched to his town lodgings for a change of clothes.

Until its arrival he was forced to array himself in certain garments of his host, selected by Miss Pilkins, including a quilted dressing-gown of gorgeous colors—all of which, being too large for his slender proportions, gave him the appearance—as Betty, with a giggle, declared to the cook—of "a needle in a stack of hay."

Then he was made to get into bed, and blankets were piled on him; while down stairs Miss Pilkins made a steaming toddy, and cook prepared a supper "to be took sizzlin' hot."

Under these combined influences—but more especially that of the strong toddy—Mr. Tomlinson soon fell into a calm and unconscious slumber.

He did not hear the clock on the mantelpiece strike ten (Sam was an unusually long time in returning), nor see the door open, and a portly old gentleman enter, and at sight of him, stand as if petrified.

And it was not until the old gentleman, after twice rubbing his eyes and

turning first pale and then fiery red, suddenly found his voice, did Mr. Tomlinson start from his peaceful repose.

"Hello! What is the meaning of this?"

At sound of that awful voice, the household rushed up stairs—all but Maude, who immediately fainted dead away in her room.

"Hiram listen to me—let me explain!"

"Explain!" roared Mr. Hogan. "Didn't I turn this fellow out of my doors a few hours ago?—and don't I come home to find him not only again in my house, but in my room—in my bed? And by the everlasting hokey," as agitated Tomlinson rose up in bed, "in my very clothes! Where are my pistols? Let me get at him! Let me fling him out of the window!"

But here the cook and housemaid rushed in, with shrill screams, and while the former, assisted by Miss Pilkins, dragged infuriated Hogan backward out of the room, Betty hastily locked the door and put the key in her pocket.

Left thus alone, Tomlinson armed himself with the only weapon which presented—the fire tongs—and facing the door, stood breathlessly awaiting the further course of events.

He heard the retreating footsteps and voices die away and a door violently slam.

Then ensued five minutes of dead silence, at the end of which time quick and heavy steps came along the passage and the door knob impatiently rattled.

Augustus nerved himself, raised the tongs above his head bravely and prepared to defend his life.

Light steps now ran along the passage, the key turned in the lock and the door flew open, revealing Mr. Hogan, his sister and the female servants. He advanced toward Tomlinson with outstretched arms and tears in his eyes.

"Mr. Tomlinson! My dear young friend! How can I atone for my late hasty conduct?—how thank you sufficiently for so heroically saving the life of my only and darling child?"

The tongs fell from the young man's hands as Maude's agitated father seized and shook them, with a vigor which brought tears into his own eyes.

Cook and Betty were already sobbing. "Mr. Hogan, sir," commenced Augustus, with as much dignity as was consistent with the situation and his peculiar attire. "I must protest. You greatly overrate—"

But just here he was aware of covert signals from Miss Pilkins, who was hovering anxiously in the background.

"You need not deny it, Mr. Tomlinson," she said, aloud. "But for you and your heroic exertions, where would our beloved Maude at this moment be?"

"An' sure she looked, a-lyin' there on the lib'ry sof, with her eyes shut, an' white as a sheet, jes' for all the worl' like the corpse she would a been now, but for him," said cook, who, by reason of long and faithful service, was a privileged person in the household.

"Come down stairs and see her," said Mr. Hogan, excitedly.

And seizing Mr. Tomlinson by the arm, he led him to where Maude, recovered from her fainting fit and flushed with the joy of a sudden and unexpected happiness, was awaiting him.

"You saved her life," said the agitated father, "and she belongs to you. There, take her! and may heaven bless you both!"

Everybody retired from the room in tears, leaving the happy lovers to themselves.

Miss Pilkins, seated before the fire in her own room, smiled cheerfully to herself, as she gazed into the glowing coals, while in the kitchen cook and Betty, regaling themselves on the remains of the hot supper and toddy, declared how beautiful it had all been, and wondered when it would be time to commence preparations for the wedding.—*Saturday Night*.

**A Floating Theatre.**

In a Russian paper is announced the definite completion of a project for a floating theatre on the Volga. This theatre will be arranged on a large steamboat, built according to American plans, and will contain an amusement hall for a thousand people, and likewise a small restaurant with accommodations for the artists and necessary employees of the undertaking. The boat will move up and down the stream, stopping principally before such cities as have no theatre. There will be two troupes, one for operetta and the other for dramas and comedies. It will be a stock enterprise.

**The Roses by the Run.**

The roses and the clover  
Are very sweet and fair,  
And I love the fragrant odors  
They breathe upon the air;  
But sweeter seemed the blossoms  
Beside the meadow run,  
The time that you were twenty  
And I was twenty-one.

How fondly I remember  
The time we culled them there,  
And 'neath the shady maples  
I wove them in your hair;  
How there in bliss we tarried  
Until the set of sun,  
The time that you were twenty  
And I was twenty-one.

It may have been the flowers,  
Perhaps a look from thee,  
That bade me whisper softly  
How dear thou wert to me;  
I never stopped to question,  
I only know 'twas done,  
The time that you were twenty  
And I was twenty-one.

We've had our summer, darling,  
The fields of life are brown,  
We've traveled up the hillside,  
We're on our journey down;  
Yet oft I wake from dreaming  
Those days have just begun—  
That you again are twenty  
And I am twenty-one.

When life and love are over,  
And I am laid at rest,  
I hope some one will gather  
And place upon my breast  
Such flow'rs as used to blossom  
Beside the meadow run,  
The time that you were twenty  
And I was twenty-one.

—*Pearson*.

**HUMOROUS.**

The shirt-maker's favorite exclamation—**A-hem!**

Ironically Stated.—Blacksmiths forge and steel every day.

An official who has been fired naturally burns for revenge.

A one-legged man would have rather hard work getting there with both feet.

The hat maker is not noted for aesthetic taste, but he is an artist in tilting.

One reason why people always talk about the weather is because it can't talk back.

An old salt who saw an incubator for the first time said it was the most wonderful hatchway that he ever saw.

It is not queer that when a boiler-maker proposes he rivets the attention of the girl, and she screws up her courage when she says "No."

A man puts \$5000 in the hands of a Wall street broker, with instructions to invest the same in wheat. How much does he lose by the transaction? **Ans. \$5000.**

"The saddest words are often the sweetest," murmured DeBoor. "The lover's good night, for instance." "Yes," sighed Miss Weary, "I always like to hear you say it."

The exhibit of Indian corn that is going to the Paris exhibition should go into the electric plant department, as it is rarely gathered without shocking.

"What trials you must have!" said the Judge, contemplating a famished tramp. "Yes, and the worst of it is allus got convicted," said the tramp. The judge let him loose again.

Office Boy (to editor)—"Please, sir, there's a man outside what wants to see yer." Editor—"Well, did he send his card?" Office Boy—"No; guess he ain't got any card. He ain't got no boots or collar." Editor—"Ah! a literary gentleman. Show him right in, Joe."

When a Kansas editor makes an affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high, in an effort to carry him off, is simply one solitary instance of the richness of the soil of the State. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper and use him to hunt rats.

There is something in a name. The Duke of Newcastle, of borough-making celebrity, was once asked for a day's fishing by a newly arrived clergyman. The reply was: "The Duke of Newcastle can not comply with Mr. Nose's request. P. S.—Finding Mr. Nose's name is Rose, he is pleased to grant his request."

**A Pugnacious Hawk.**

A big hawk dashed down into the yard of a colored man near American, Ga., and grabbed a chicken. The chicken interfered, and the two had a fierce fight. A daughter of the house ran out to capture the hawk, and it turned upon her, tore her hands and face severely with its talons, and then went off with the chicken, and ate it within 100 yards of the house.